

The Boston Weekly Globe.

VOL. X.—NO. 3.

Guiteau Writting

Under the Unsparring Lash of Porter's Tongue.

A Terrible Arraignment of the Man Who Murdered Garfield.

How the President was Killed by a Hungry Politician.

Judge Cox's Decisions on the Prayers of Both Sides.

The Closing Arguments by Lawyers Davidge and Reed.

WASHINGTON, January 10.—Shortly after 10 o'clock this morning Guiteau entered the court room just behind Judge Cox. The usual crowd was in attendance and all eyes were turned on Porter as the man who was to cause the excitement, if there was to be any during the day. When Guiteau reached the dock he placed his hands on the railing and prepared to give his usual morning entertainment. Judge Cox, however, shut him up by a brief coupe. "That's a fine speech," said Guiteau. "I'll stop now." He then turned to the jury and said: "There was no chance for him just then and sat down to await a more opportune moment. Judge Porter began his arraignment with a reference to the disorder which had characterized the proceedings of the defence, and then spoke of Reed's argument as lawless-like and based on the only law points which, with any plausibility, could be adduced by the defence. Of Scoville's argument he said:

"It could only have been delivered by one of the Guiteau family, who, as he had himself boasted, had been born in the police courts, and acquired his manners among the hooligan oafs of the woods of western Ohio."

"That's a fine speech," said Guiteau.

Scoville then turned to the jury and said: "I have a right to say that there was no chance for him just then and sat down to await a more opportune moment. Judge Porter began his arraignment with a reference to the disorder which had characterized the proceedings of the defence, and then spoke of Reed's argument as lawless-like and based on the only law points which, with any plausibility, could be adduced by the defence. Of Scoville's argument he said:

"It could only have been delivered by one of the Guiteau family, who, as he had himself boasted, had been born in the police courts, and acquired his manners among the hooligan oafs of the woods of western Ohio."

"That's a fine speech," said Guiteau.

Porter reviewed the masterly argument of Davidge pointing out its strengths, and paid a high tribute to one of them, Judge E. R. Curtis, "one of the immortal names of American jurisprudence," for his remarkable ability and attainments, great integrity and wide reputation. Major Davidge had rightly said, "was a student of law, a *questie* for the judge, not for the jury. Should the judge decide as the defence desired, he would be bound by the law of fact for the jury, he would overturn the law. He would create a precedent in that famous case which would inevitably be followed through all time to come." The object of that defense in support of the prosecution's position were anticipated. As to his style of oratory, Porter said he had not studied eloquence in any school. Whatever style it was, it was the oratorical voice from God uttered by my teacher. He had never imitated any man nor had he ever imitated any one's oratories. "I never said Porter's speech was not good, but of that I did, as Guiteau did. Whether my manners and morals would have been improved is for others to say. Judging from the discipline which I received, I am sure that he would have been an appropriate instructor for youth." Promising to expand the law on the subject of malice, reading from the 1830 edition of "Archibald's Criminal Practice," Porter then upon the mediation of Guiteau, referring to his lying in wait and to his dogging the foot-steps of the president.

"That's a Lie," said Guiteau.

"It is a lie," continued Porter, "it is one that has been sworn to by the prisoner himself."

"It is false. It is a falsehood," cried Guiteau, shouting to the lawyer. "It is false in the way you put it."

"Your honor knows," went on the lawyer, "that four days after Guiteau conceived this awful crime of murdering President Garfield, according to his own testimony, he gave Mr. Blaine one more chance in regard to the Parisian consultation. When he was again refused, he threatened that if Mr. Blaine were not removed, the administration would go to pieces."

"That's absurd," cried Guiteau.

"The prisoner pretences to deliver his own charges to the jury," said Porter, "he has already told me to do with this trial, but if he pretends to do anything in sentiment contrary to law, he will exceed the bounds of all endurable effrontery."

"He snatched the prison, he was appointed by President Arthur, and he was appointed by President Hayes, and he was appointed by President Garfield," continued counsel. "He will not be allowed some power has pre-dictated to him to hang."

"We have not got to that point yet," shrieked Guiteau, gesticulating wildly, "we never will get to that point. The Lord will fix the thing in the hands of your lawyers. You big-mouthed Porter, you have mouth enough for a whole family." (Laughter.)

Speaking again of his intentions, and of the pride of his law, Porter said that he had supreme contempt for all the Gauls; not the respectable ones, but those who sympathized with the assassin. Porter took up the attorney-client privilege in defense, pronouncing them either misrepresented or bad iron obscure benches. He sneered at the assertion of Scoville that the anticipated decision of the prosecution could not be the light of the decisions of the defense, the outgrowth of an enlightened age—an age of Guiteau, when a hungry politician kills a president from pique.

"A politician," continued Porter, "who had such a belief in the guiltiness and depravity of mankind that he supposed he was doing men like Grant and Garfield a favor by his intervention and one of the foremost statesmen of his time, and even President Arthur, a service for which he would receive reward. What a man he would be!"

"The prisoner might claim that he was predestined to kill General Garfield," continued counsel. "He will not be allowed some power has pre-dictated to him to hang."

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THE POET'S COLUMN.

TEACH ME TO LIVE.

Teach me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away,
On earth's bright night to close the heavy eye,
And leave in the realms of golden day.

Teach me that harder lesson—how to live,
With all the world against me, and the world
Against me for conflict now, fresh vigor give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

Teach me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—
Brightly for 'tis glory let my taper shine;
Earth's sun will set, and earth's bright day will die;
Close round These my heart's affection's twine.

Teach me to live! and sin no more,
But use the time remaining to me yet,
Not man's own pleasure-seeking, as it were,
Waiting for death, and leaving me regret.

Teach me to live! No sister let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ,
To bid the world good-bye, and leave it to me.

Teach me to live! My daily cross to bear,
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load,
Only be with me. Let me feel These near;
Thy smile shuns' gladness on the darkest road.

Teach me to live! and find my life in Thee,
Life's light, life's strength, life's wayings away;
Let me not falter, but uniformly
Press on and gain new strength and power each day.

THE JACOBITE ON TOWER HILL.
BY WALTER THORNBURY.

He tripped up the steps with a bow and a smile,
Offering snuff to the chaplain, who while
At his button-hole, that attended
Two months of the month, and the month it was
June.

Then, shrugging his shoulders, he looked at the man
With the mask and the axe, and a murmuring ran
Through the crowd, who, below, were all pushing to
See the jester knell down and receiving his fee,

He looked at the mob, as they roared, with a stare,
And took snuff again with a cynical air;

How happy to give but a moment's delight
To the people of my country, says for a sight."

Then he looked at the block, and, with scented
cravat,
Dusted from his neck, gayly doffed his hat,
Then, smiling, turned round to the headman and
bowed.

"God save King James!" he cried, bravely and shrill,
And the cry resounded the houses at foot of the hill.

"Hark! the voices of the people are heard,
And run white thumb long the edge of the blade.

When the multitude hissed he stood firm as a rock;
Then, kneeling, laid down his gay head on the block.

Kissed a white rose, in a moment 'twas red
With the kiss of the bravest of any that bled.

THE YESTERDAYS.

BY MARY CLEMENC.

I take your gifts, O yesterday,
And save from all infidelity eyes
I set them one by one away,
Secure from change or sore surprise.

I take your gifts, glad yesterdays!
And when I turn from work to play,
From the toil of the day, to the joy,
And make my heart its holiday.

I take your gifts, sad yesterdays—
The better deeds I might have done,
The tears I might have wiped away,
The love I might have won.

Oh, yesterday was a day of woe,
How poor my life's most perfect part;
You tear the crown of pride away,
And give instead the prying heart.

I take your gifts, yesterday—
The best gifts I might have had,
The tears I might have wiped away,
The love I might have won.

Oh, yesterday made all its own,
And still a tender heart entwined
A sad face, a haunting tone—
The gift of love, the gift of pain.

One yesterday made all its own,
I take your gifts, rich yesterdays!

Henceforth may no soul call me poor;
For you may stir her cords away,
The woe of yesterday past pure.

We meet, we part, go our ways;
But each, unseen, bears up to God
The sum of all his yesterdays.

A DILETTANTE.

From Time J.

Can you recall an old June,
Or lines to any river?

In which you do not meet "the moon,"
And see "the stars of summer?"

With a smile, you sing to June,
But never yet—no, never—

Have I escaped that rhyme to "June,"

Or missed that rhyme "river."

HE KNOWETH.

SAX HOLM.

I cannot think but God must know
About the thing I long for so;
I know He is so good, so kind,
I know He loves me, so I need

Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand; it lies so near,
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear;
I look at it, I can see, I know
It is wrong! I want it so.

He only smiles—He does not speak;
Nor can He deal forever

With the love that I have for June,
And associates of "river."

AT PEACE.

By MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Srew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of you;

But ah! would that did, too!

Permit the world required;
She bathed it in smiles of glee;

But her heart was tired, tired,
And weary.

Her life was burning, burning
In waves of heat and sound;

But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace has her round.

Her cabin'd, ample spirit,
Left her no room for breath;

The vasty hall of death.

A WINTER'S NIGHT.

Paris Correspondence.

A fact she said, contented well,
She said, "I am not fit for school;

She lived, all grief for to repeat;

With right good grace, so would it that should;

She said, "I am not fit for school;

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OR,

GETTING HIS LIVING.

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Boston Weekly Globe.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 18, 1882.

Whitelaw Reid's telegraphic commands to General Garfield were sent to John Hay, formerly an editor of the Tribune and latterly assistant secretary of state. Hay says the despatch must have been stolen. We abominate theft generally, but cannot help feeling that in this case there were extenuating circumstances. The public will condone the offence.

An eminent lawyer, while recently pleading the cause of a traveller who was put off from a train for refusing to pay an overplus of fare to which the road was not entitled, remarked to the jury: "Railroad passes are issued ad infinitum to senators and representatives, to railroad commissioners, to legislative railroad committees, to judges (may it please your honor), to governors—yes, and to governors-

esses." Whom did he mean?

John Sherman will probably be exonerated by the committee which has been making an inquiry into the contingent fund, for the simple reason that his resolution, about which so much has been favorably said by partisan journals, has confined the investigation to certain limits which leaves no chance for bringing the real facts to light. Not that his duplicity has not been exposed, but the committee has not been instructed to go to the bottom of the charges against the ex-secretary. Whitewashing, however, cannot restore to him the name of "Honest John." Henceforth "Fallen John" or "Tricky John" will be a bitter cognomen for him.

Senator Teller's resolution in regard to the land grant of the Northern Pacific railroad has created considerable of a breeze in Washington. It seems as though ex-Secretary Schurz extended his grant of 47,000,000 acres, but it is now thought he did this contrary to law, and it is alleged that certain conditions limiting the time for the construction of the various roads included in the grants have not been complied with. Senator Teller's resolution calls for an investigation of the facts with a view to ascertaining if Congress should not reclaim the lands and throw them open to settlement by actual settlers under the pre-emption and homestead laws. When the subject is fully ventilated in Congress, as it undoubtedly will be, it will be time enough for the public to form an opinion about it. At present Senator Teller refuses to be interviewed.

Mr. Davidge was not going to make any set speech, he said, but he managed to occupy two whole days in delivering some able extemporaneous "remarks" to the Guiteau jury. This reminds us of a Massachusetts legislator who some years ago contrived to get the ten-minute rule suspended, and in spite of his colleagues, who knew how long-winded he was, and who endeavored to prevent his being recognized by the speaker, gained the floor. He blandly said that he had "only a few observations to make." The members looked relieved. They bore his talk one solid hour, but when he then said, "With these few preliminary remarks, Mr. Speaker, I will now discuss the real merits of this matter," most of them quietly vacated the hall and left him, and he talked two or three hours longer to the doorkeepers and the presiding officer, who feared him so much that he did not dare to mention that there was not a quorum present.

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It is hinted that President Arthur intends to appoint a number of Half-Breeds to foreign diplomatic positions, and that the nominations will be sent to the Senate in connection with the names of Sargent and Chandler for cabinet places. In dealing out the patronage so far, the President has resolutely ignored this wing of the party, and a large-sized row was about to be started by the disaffected. In sending a certain portion of the "reform element" abroad, General Arthur can accomplish two objects. He can weaken the force of the opposition to his administration at home by decimating the ranks of the malcontents, and silence their friends at the same time. We have before remarked that Arthur is a very shrewd politician, and every move he makes confirms this judgment of his ability and tact. When the deal is to be made in 1884, he will hold the winning cards, or we shall be mistaken in the man.

Whatever may be the result of the Guiteau trial, one man's reputation for forensic power and ability has been established by it. That man is Judge Porter. His lucid and forcible argument before the court Tuesday will stand in history side by side with the best—with Cicero's denunciation of Catiline, with O'Connell's and Curran's exhortation of the Irish informers, with the greatest efforts of Webster and Choate. It was masterly in its interpretation of the law, massive in oratorical vigor and strength and terrible in its scathing rebuke of the miserable assassin who claimed that the God who gave out His law and His commands among the thunders of Sinai had chosen him as His agent to work a political revolution. Even the garrulous Guiteau was for a time overawed into silence by the terrible arraignment. The audience broke through all the rules of the court and frequently applauded. The government is to be congratulated on having secured so able and so fearless an advocate.

Notwithstanding all that has been said by the press of the country about Effigy Sargent, at this writing it seems to be conceded in Washington that he will get Secretary Kirkwood's place. The following from the San Francisco Chronicle gives a pretty clear idea of how he is regarded in his own State, "No senator or congressman from this State—not even the intrusive and impudent Page—ever dabbled more in the matter of Federal appointments and removals for unjust cause than Sargent. He is a machine politician of the most execrable type. For years, and before he entered the Senate, he was the ogre of the Mare Island Navy Yard, more feared by the employees there than Conkling ever was in New York or Cameron in Pennsylvania. No man's place was secure without his consent and assurance. Faithful services were always discounted when the employee rendering them was not 'for Sargent' and 'Sargent's friends.' We do not wonder that even the Republican papers are urging President Arthur to shun this man. But talk will probably not avail. He is in the 'ring,' or Chester A. Arthur would throw him overboard."

Much has been written of late concerning the evident purpose of the Republicans to "Mahoneize" the South and "break down Bourbon rule." It has been stated that leading and representative men of the South warmly applauded the course that the Virginia Readjuster had taken in his State, and desired him to help them in the same way. This has been doubted by Northern states, and now it is significant to observe that that bubble is exploded by influential Southern newspapers, which ridicule such an idea. On this subject the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle pointedly says: "That man must be highly imaginative, at this period of Georgia's history, when the memory of that hell of Republican rule which succeeded the war is fresh in the minds of tens of thousands of her citizens, who can have hope of the success of any coalition in which the Radical party is a partner. And as yet only a single straw which indicates the shadow of Mahoneism here has floated

feebly upon the calm water of Georgia politics. That his peculiar political theories will ever take even a surface root in this Commonwealth we capitally doubt. That a coalition of any power or magnitude can ever be formed between the hungry and sour-faced office-seekers of Georgia and the Republicans of Georgia is to give the later credit for a mere modicum of sense. Were the alliance completed so far as between the leaders of each side—the high contracting parties—neither would be able to deliver the votes." What is true of Georgia is true of other Southern States. The Republicans and Democrats alike in that section of the country are in favor of paying their debts, and repudiate such men as Mahone.

A. A. SARGENT.

In selecting the men who are to direct the affairs of the various departments of the Federal government and advise with him concerning the policy of the administration in important matters President Arthur has acted with discretion so far and called to his cabinet men of recognized ability and influence in his party. The GLOBE has had little to say regarding these selections, for the reason that any objections to the men must be largely partisan, and it makes no material difference to the country which faction of the Republican party they may be identified with. The GLOBE cannot busy itself with the internal dissensions of its opponents, being interested in their administration only so far as the public welfare is concerned, but when Aaron A. Sargent is seriously suggested as the person liable to be selected by President Arthur for secretary of the interior, it is the duty of a public journal, irrespective of party considerations, to protest against the appointment and give to the country its reasons therefor.

The reputation of Senator Sargent is not such as justifies the reposing in him of an important public trust, and there will be no more determined opposition to his confirmation, if nominated, than that which will come from the better element of his own party. His record is so bad that the Republican party of California will not endorse him, while the Independents of that State vigorously denounce him. He is a man of mediocre ability, wholly unfitted for a position in the chief council of the nation, and would bring no credit upon any administration. His friendship for the great corporate monopolies that have nearly strangled the life out of California has been displayed on more than one occasion in a manner most obnoxious to the people of the State.

In 1875 his devotion to the monopoly cause was so strong that he even entered into a project to divide his own party and elect persons who could be depended upon to aid all the efforts of the people to regulate and restrain the extortionate corporations. He was the friend and faithful ally of the land-grabbers, who have robbed the people of millions of acres of land in the most fertile portions of California under the "desert land" act. He is always been connected with Boss Carr, the most notorious ringster and land robber of the Pacific coast, and during his career in the public service has given aid and encouragement to innumerable schemes inimical to the public interest. His support of the back-salary grab, the Credit Mobilier swindle, the audacious demands of the Central Pacific railroad—all mark him as a man not to be trusted with the guardianship of any portion of the public domain or any department of the government involving important interests. He is so unpopular in his own State that he has been burned in effigy when the people became indignant at his outrageous course in supporting the schemes of the monopolists, and he has been repudiated by the Republicans of his county, who probably know him as thoroughly as anybody.

There is great danger that if he were to be President Arthur's secretary of the interior he would be a mere tool in the hands of public plunderers, and that the world would soon disappear before the unrestrained ravages of rings. President Arthur can make no greater mistake than to appoint Aaron A. Sargent to any position in his cabinet. It would be a public misfortune and a party disgrace, and would destroy the good impression he has made by his careful and temperate course thus far. It would give his enemies a just cause for attacking him, and would shake the confidence of the people in his intention to keep the administration above the level of the crowd that made the Grant regime notorious. If President Arthur cares to deserve and win the good opinion of the American people, as we think he does, he will think twice before calling Sargent into his cabinet.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN. The older generation of today who indulge in retrospective reveries find much to comment on when they contrast their youthful experience and surroundings with those of the children of the present day. Nor is this strange. Wonderful transformations have taken place within even the last quarter of a century which may well amaze those who stood in their busy career and reflect upon the past. If they gaze at the phase of life to which we have alluded—childhood—they will have enough to engage their thoughts for some time. It is a common remark in social circles that the career of a child in these times is vastly different from what it was when their parents were passing through the chrysalid period of youth. Despite adverse criticism the fact cannot be blinked out of sight that the children of today are humorously put to it mildly, more than they were by parents twenty-five and thirty years ago.

This evil—for it cannot be glossed over by any conventional term—we observe, has evidently received the careful attention and study of "M. E. B." a valuable contributor to the Boston Journal, who writes in a charmingly practical manner about it. Going back three decades we are reminded of how children were then in "leading strings." As she admirably says: "To see that they were fed and well clothed; to have them sent to a good honest public school under the ratton of a master who had a healthy respect for a good honest thrashing when occasion called, with no sentimental nonsense; to make sure that they left betime on Sundays for the discipline of the Bible class or Sabbath exposition of doctrine—this was the whole duty of man, and his first lieutenant, woman. The cat-o'-nine-tails, or its substitute the birch, was in general use still as a fireside decoration; repression and subjection were considered the only rights which childhood was heir to."

The picture has not been overdrawn; in fact we believe that some of the parents of today will recollect the "repression and subjection" of which they were cognizant that had best remain buried in oblivion. Is that the lot of the youthful branches of the family tree today? No. As the writer states, "all this has changed." The unsightly toys that satisfied children in those days are now supplanted by playthings that are beautiful and costly. The flagellation of the past, like the whipping-post, is an almost obsolete thing, and "instead of demanding obedience as a right, it must be sued for as a favor." Strange language! But is there not a great deal of truth in it? We agree with the writer that it is not the fault of our children that they clamor for beautiful things, because "they have been so used from the cradle to have happiness gilded and adorned to attract them, to have pains taken to make pleasure easy to them, to have their walnuts cracked and dipped in barley sugar before they shall be asked to take the trouble to eat them, that they are spoiled for plain

every-day life. We leave nothing now to the imagination of the child; we forget that to their wonder-stricken eyes, fresh yet with the charm of innocence, the simplest works of nature are more wonderful than the most summate miracles of art; and we wish to force them into a false position of admiration by multiplying wonderful objects around them, instead of letting the eager, inquiring, exploring little souls grope their own way into paradise. There is no delight in the world comparable to a child with that of discovery or fancied discovery in any new direction; this is why sometimes the simplest playthings create an enthusiasm which the finest mechanism is unable to rouse."

but it will appease our appetite for a time. It will put our boom on a sound financial footing, and give us enough of the sinews of war to work the next election successfully. I won't this sum up with details in the appropriation bills. I will simply appropriate it in a lump, so it can be used where it will do the most good."

THE RAILROAD HORROR.

The responsibility for the terrible disaster near Souther Duvyl station on the Hudson River railroad last Friday evening seems to rest solely on Brakeman Melius, who was ordered to go back and signal any train that might be following the ill-fated Atlantic express. There is a standing order of the company that when a train stops at any other point than the regular station the brakeman on the last car shall at once go up the track a certain distance and swing a flag by day and a lantern by night to warn any trains that may be coming in on the same track. Even if the conductor did not communicate any instruction to Melius he knew that it was his duty to do this, and he has been long enough in the service of the company to fully understand what was expected of him.

What seems to be the glaring fault of all that is done for youthful minds is the neglect to inculcate a sentiment of obedience. We are told that Europeans are amazed to find that in this country the young people are the real heads of the family, and "around their tastes, their whims, their desires, revolves the machinery of home." In short, Young America is not held in, and is allowed to command before learning how to obey. There is much that can be written to further illustrate this peculiarity in the training of the young. It remains for parents to correct these tendencies. The advice of the writer alluded to is not unimportant in this direction. It is: "The utmost freedom in a child's life should never pass the limit where it is conscious of a firm, sustaining, but guiding hand clasping its own."

THE TRAMP ABROAD.

The tramp nuisance seems to be giving Europeans as much trouble as it formerly did this country before some of the legislatures took the matter in hand. It is estimated that Great Britain is swindled by no less than 60,000 tramps, who wander all over the empire and manage to obtain a living from the philanthropically inclined. This number, it is said, does not include decrepit and maimed beggars. The London Charitable Organization, we notice, has taken a good method to eradicate much of the evil if its advice is heeded. In one of its circulars it says: "It is certain that until the public can be induced to adopt some discriminate plan the large swarm of idle, dissolute vagabonds and profligate women, who now wander through the country and divert charity from the deserving poor, will not be diminished. It matters not what the thing given is—whether it is food given to the man whose sole object is to fill his stomach without working for it, or whether it is money required by the ingenious rogue for reasons however plausible." The association therefore recommends that the cases be referred to the appropriate district committees on charitable relief. There is no doubt that the indiscriminate and thoughtless giving of alms upon the streets is to be deplored. In too many cases the drunkard is helped to get intoxicated again, or shiftless men are assisted in their idleness. While tramps should be discouraged from their profession, a distinct line should be drawn between them and the deserving poor, and the latter should not be neglected. We believe that our charitable organizations are doing a great work among the really friendless and unfortunate in our community, and trust that the general public will not fail to give them cordial and substantial aid.

THE SIGNAL SERVICE. A movement is in progress to have a bill passed by the present Congress establishing the signal service as a distinct permanent branch of the army, to divorce it from politics, protect it from the influences of social, political and military favoritism, and give it an independent position in the military arm of the service. If this plan is carried out the signal service corps will be placed, as it should be, on the same basis as the engineer or ordnance corps, with the same privileges to its officers, the same chances for promotion for meritorious acts or for individual proficiency.

Since the establishment of the service in 1871, no effort has been made by Congress to establish it on a permanent basis. And yet no branch of the army in that time has done so much good work for the commerce and shipping or for the agriculture of the country. It has been the custom to detail officers of the army for duty under the chief signal officer. The term of service has been limited in a majority of cases to a few years. Just when a man got familiar with the details of the work and became useful in the department, he was recalled by his regimental commander, and a successor detailed in his place. These frequent changes have been extremely detrimental to the service, for inexperienced men have always been appointed to supersede experienced men, and nobody was ever allowed to remain long enough to become thoroughly proficient in the workings of the system.

Besides these drawbacks, there is another which is unjust to the men and detrimental to the efficiency of the department. The highest rank attainable has been that of second lieutenant, for the next rank is brigadier-general. Enlisted privates can be promoted to sergeants and second lieutenants, but no matter how valuable their services, or how proficient they become, they can go no higher. What incentive is there here to study hard and deserve well? There is no reward in store for the man who faithfully discharges his duty. He must go into active service to get a higher rank, and by doing so he deprives the signal service of the valuable results of his training and study.

These defects can be remedied by establishing the weather service on a permanent basis as a branch of the army. Men

The Boston Weekly Globe: Wednesday Morning, January 18, 1882.

Guiteau Writting.

Continued from the First Page.

THURSDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

Davidge Graphically Describes Guiteau's Crime, While the Assassin Makes Hounding Comments.

WASHINGTON, January 12.—The court, jury and prisoner were in place at 10 o'clock this morning. The crowd was larger, if anything, than ever before since from the Guiteau trial began. The doors were shut shortly after 10 o'clock, and no one was admitted after that hour. Davidge at once took the floor in the space just before the jury, and began his speech by complimenting the jury upon their frankness and directness of approach. The audience was present, and acquiesced with the prosecution on this subject, and could not be restrained from an expression of feeling. After further suggestions that counsel for defense had been too much preoccupied with the trial, there were any views therein which should be presented to the jury through them, Mrs. Scoville in a loud tone said:

"John W. Guiteau with difficulty pacified her. She sobbed frequently during the last of the discussion."

The Prisoner Grew Wildly Excited

at this. He jumped to his feet and banged his fist on the railing, shrieking:

"The American people will read the speech and the levity and disorder of the trial. Throughout his speech he used simple gestures, and spoke in a low but clear tone. Hitherto, he said, they had been listeners, now they were to become actors. There was but a single point for discussion, he said, and that was the subject of insanity. The law did not contemplate that any man should coldly, deliberately and treacherously slay another and then say he had no malice. It was laid down plainly that a man shall not be protected against punishment if he knew what he was doing, and that it was contrary to law, unless the knowledge of the illegality and wrongfulness of the act was obliterated by mental disease. If at the time of the commission of the act he was in violation of law, no frenzy, no passion, afforded any excuse. No defense of his moral nature would constitute an excuse. No belief, however profound, through reason or through divine inspiration, or suggestion or command of the Almighty, afforded any excuse. A man might be what is called 'a crack,' or even partially insane, and still be liable to punishment. The law does not disapprove of these propositions of law and acquit on the grounds of mental delusion, then."

Every Crack-Branched, Ill-Balanced Man, with or without motive, could slay for party purposes or for no purpose. The position of the defense was that the prisoner possessed a low degree of reason and intelligence; that in committing this awful murder he was not conscious of doing wrong. Far profound was the position of the prisoner himself and equally untenable. His crime was more than murder.

It was the murderer of the head of the state. He was a traditional avenger who believed in a killing, but he raised upon the true greatness of the office of the American president to furnish the respect that would hedge it about with a real dignity stronger to protect than that claimed by unchaste rulers. The murderer of the chief executive was a popular personal affection founded upon his great abilities and virtues. Through all this broke the wreath at the bar, with no man character than himself in the cause. This was the case, and new probability the most sincerely believed of all Christian rulers. Lying down in his couch yesterday severally denouncing Mr. Davidge, and my remarks against him were based upon that. I have found out, however, that I was mistaken, and that Mr. Davidge is a high-toned Christian gentleman and a sound lawyer. I desire, therefore, to withdraw anything that I said about him. I still entertain the same opinion of Coshell, however. I'm satisfied I was wrong in that case, right in this."

Mr. Davidge resumed his argument and review of the evidence. He showed up, by the evidence of John W. Guiteau and other witnesses for the defense, the fallacy and absurdity of Mr. Scoville's pet theory that the prisoner was an assassin.

"The idea came to the Lord," bawled Guiteau.

Continuing, counsel showed how the assassin

should have been killed, and how he was led to believe that he was his friend, and in his spirit could speak from heaven it would say, in language glowing and eloquent, "Let him free. He could not have been safe. He could not have desired to kill me. I never wronged him, never harmed him. Give him his freedom." And so the murderer of the chief executive, God would judge this jury. Reed appealed to the jury, in view of the horror the crime had excited all over the world, to render a verdict of guilty on the ground of insanity, as then the supporters of monarchical institutions could not say the citizens of the United States deserved that chief executive.

Upon the opening of the court Guiteau said:

"In justice to myself and Mr. Davidge I desire to say that I received a letter yesterday severally denouncing Mr. Davidge, and my remarks against him were based upon that. I have found out, however, that I was

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Upon the opening of the court Guiteau said:

"In justice to myself and Mr. Davidge I desire to say that I received a letter yesterday severally denouncing Mr. Davidge, and my remarks against him were based upon that. I have found out, however, that I was

mistaken, and that Mr. Davidge is a high-toned Christian gentleman and a sound lawyer. I desire, therefore, to withdraw anything that I said about him. I still entertain the same opinion of Coshell, however. I'm satisfied I was wrong in that case, right in this."

Mr. Davidge resumed his argument and review of the evidence. He showed up, by the evidence of John W. Guiteau and other witnesses for the defense, the fallacy and absurdity of Mr. Scoville's pet theory that the prisoner was an assassin.

"The idea came to the Lord," bawled Guiteau.

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BEAU GRAY;

OR,

GETTING HIS LIVING.

By OLIVER OPTIC.

(Copyrighted, 1881, by William T. Adams.)

[This story was begun in THE WEEKLY GLOBE two weeks ago today. Beau Gray, a boy of 12, was introduced endeavoring to escort his father home through Beach and Federal streets, to an old building on the wharf. Here Aunt Patty received them, and after Captain Gray had been put into a small expatiate Beau that there was nothing to eat at home. He decided he must go to work, went to school and got his books. He sold them for a dollar and his home, only to find that he had lost the precious piece of silver with which he had hoped to buy their supper. Captain Gray had been ruined by the love of drink, and Aunt Patty, his sister, kept house for him and cared tenderly for Beau. Beau went to his father's boat at the wharf for the small supply of ship biscuit usually kept there. The box was empty, but Beau was asked to take a young man named Bart Redthorn round to Dorchester in the boat for a dollar. Getting half of it in advance, he bought materials for a supper and then hired home. His father told him to go, and after spending all night in a drunkenness, Beau good-by with unusual emotion, and told him if he never helped to apply to Isaac P. Redthorn Beau hurried back to the boat. After a short sail toward Dorchester, his passenger, Bart, insisted that he must sail toward Squantum, where a lady lived who had been taken sick, and forgotten all about \$150 she had hidden under a floor. Beau refusing to budge, Bart suddenly knocked him over, but as he could not manage the boat, Beau brought him to terms, and finally landed him at Dorchester. Following him to his house, Beau found he was intending to drive over to the house in Squantum. Beau hurried to the boat, sailed over to Squantum, found the boy had money, rushed back to his boat, before Bart had reached the house or knew of his movements. Beau sailed home and arrived at midnight, bid the money, and found that his father had disappeared. He did not return, and they gave him up as dead.]

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH BEAU VISITS THE GREAT ESTABLISH-
MENT OF MR. CLAUDE SPIKER.

For three days Aunt Patty and Beau kept up the search for Captain Gray. They obtained little sympathy, for worldly people thought it would be quite as well if such a poor man as he had been of the world. It made but little difference to them what had become of him; but it made a vast difference to the son and the sister. Captain Gray was an imprudent, but he had never spoken an unkind word to either of them. He was a good-hearted man, in spite of his besetting sin. Whatever he was, the sister and the son mourned for him. It is possible, though he had his errors, he was well-meaning and tried to do his best.

"What a sight can we do? We haven't a thing in the house to eat, and not a single cent to buy anything with," replied Aunt Patty.

"Is that half dollars all gone, Aunt Patty?" asked Beau.

"Half that dollar was counterfeit, Bowen. One won't take it, and the store folks round here won't give it to me."

"Counterfeit!" exclaimed Beau, indignant at the trick Bart had played upon him.

Bart had been very busy, and had not little time for the wants of the body. What the first half dollar bought had kept them alive for two days; but the talents were again exhausted. Beau had no chance to earn more, and he had the skill to get a living. He thought of the money in his straw bed. He had hardly thought of it before. They were in more imminent danger than ever upon this score. But Bart had counted the money and even looked at it since he brought it into the house.

Beau went into his room and took the roll of bills from his pocket. There was more than there had been. He had over the way, but he had the skill to get a living. He thought of the money in his straw bed. He had hardly thought of it before. They were in more imminent danger than ever upon this score. But Bart had counted the money and even looked at it since he brought it into the house.

"Bowen Gray, sir," said Beau, "I am your boy, and I will do my best to help you."

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